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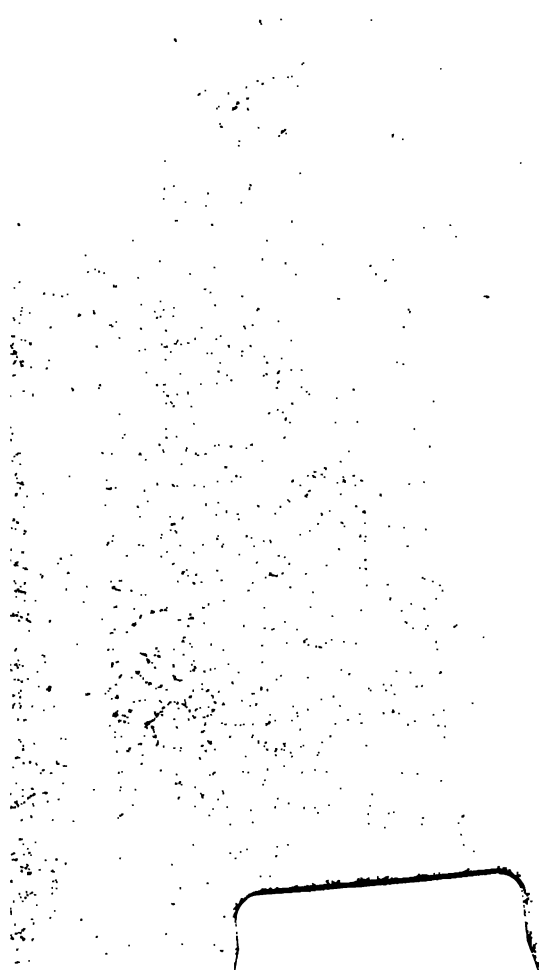
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HESPERIDES:
OR THE
WORKS BOTH HUMANE AND DIVINE
OF
ROBERT HERRICK, ESQ.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.



BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.
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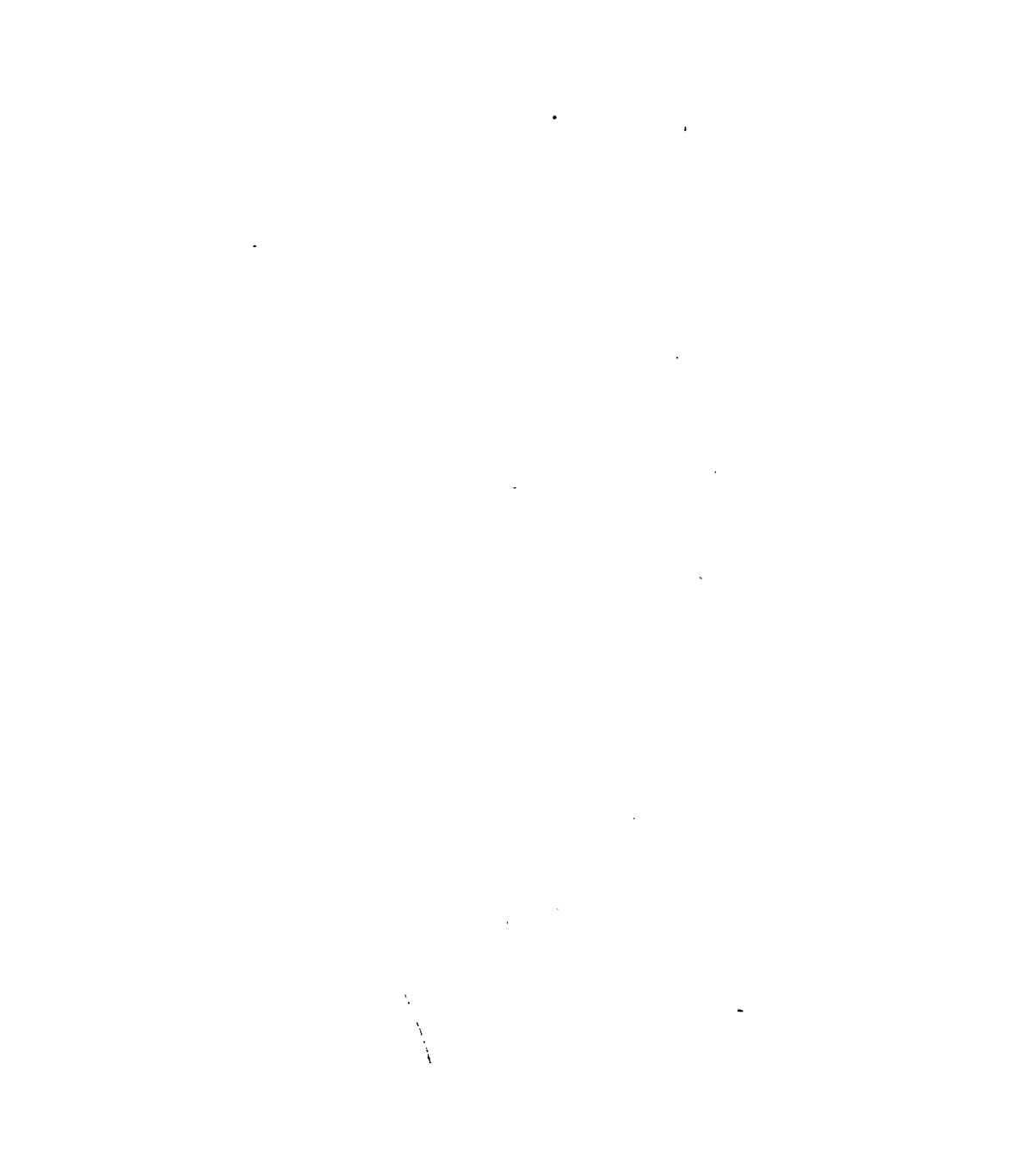
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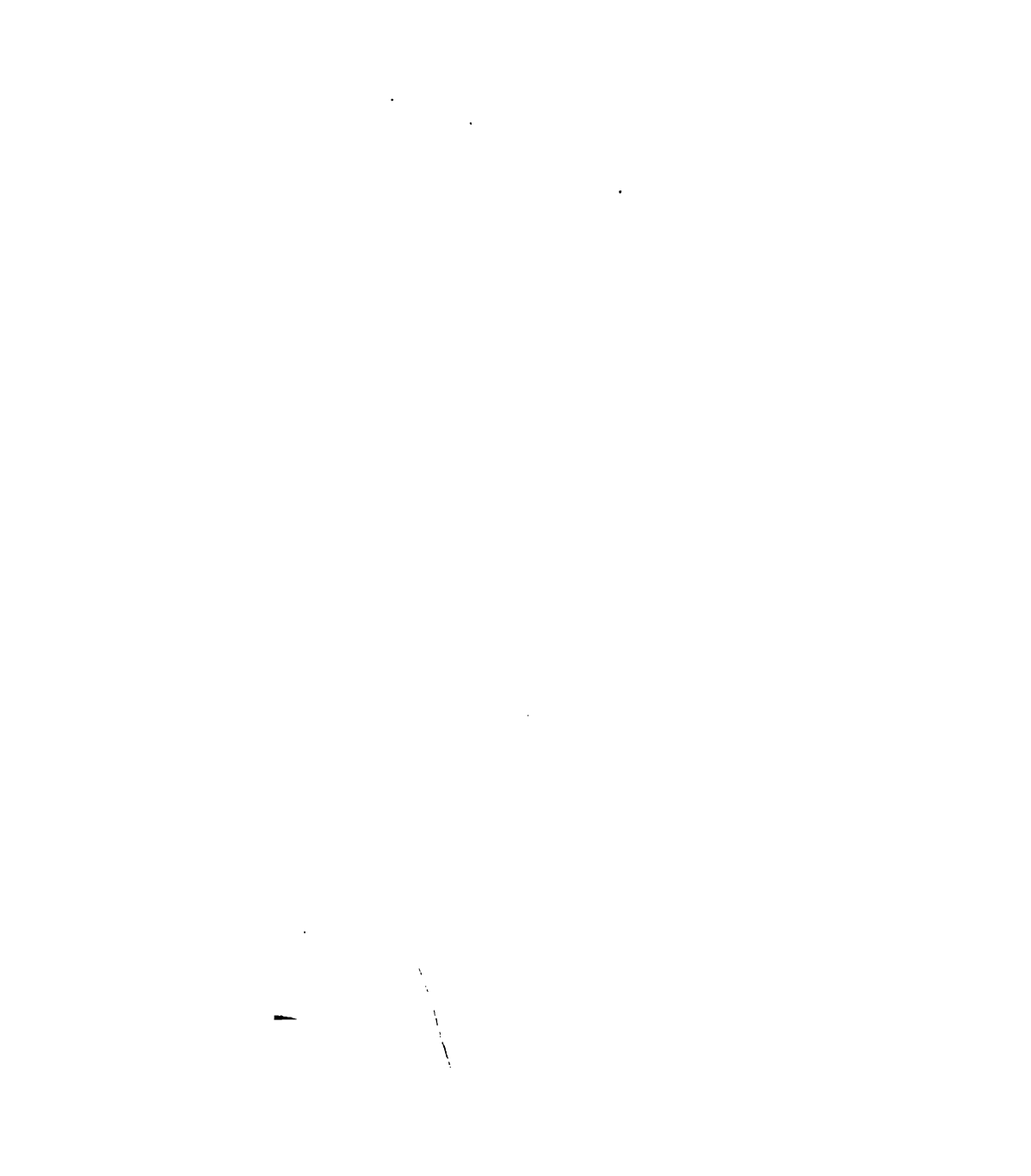
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1



HESPERIDES.

TO HIS BOOKE.

BE bold, my booke, nor be abasht or feare
The cutting thumb-naile, or the brow severe.
But by the Muses sweare, all here is good,
If but well read ; or ill read, understood.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN. JOHNSON.

WHEN I a verse shall make,
Know I have praid thee
For old religions sake,
Saint Ben, to aide me.

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyrick.

Candles Ile give to thee,
And a new altar ;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

GIVE want her welcome if she comes ; we find
Riches to be but burthens to the mind.

AGAIN.

WHO with a little cannot be content,
Endures an everlasting punishment.

THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES.

LET's live with that smal pittance that we have ;
Who covets more is evermore a slave.

LAWES.

WHEN lawes full power have to sway, we see
Little or no part there of tyrannie.

OF LOVE.

ILE get me hence,
Because no fence
Or fort that I can make here,

But love by charmes,
Or else by armes,
Will storme, or, starving, take here.

UPON COCK.

COCK calls his wife his hen : when cock goes
too't,
Cock treads his hen, but treads her under-foot.

TO HIS MUSE.

Go woee young Charles no more to looke
Then but to read this in my booke ;
How Herrick begs, if that he can-
Not like the Muse, to love the man,
Who by the shepheards sung, long since,
The starre-led birth of Charles the Prince.

THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

DULL to my selfe, and almost dead to these
My many fresh and fragrant mistresses ;
Lost to all musick now, since every thing
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.
Sick is the land to'th' heart, and doth endure
More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.

But if that golden age wo'd come again,
 And Charles here rule as he before did reign ;
 If smooth and unperplext the seasons were,
 As when the sweet Maria lived here ;
 I sho'd delight to have my curles halfe drown'd
 In Tyrian dewes, and head with roses crown'd,
 And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)
 Knock at a starre with my exalted head.

TO VULCAN.

THY sooty godhead I desire
 Still to be ready with thy fire,
 That sho'd my book despised be,
 Acceptance it might find of thee.

LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

THIS is the height of justice, that to doe
 Thy selfe which thou put'st other men unto.
 As great men lead, the meaner follow on,
 Or to the good, or evil action.

PURPOSES.

No wrath of men or rage of seas
 Can shake a just mans purposes :

No threats of tyrants, or the grim
Visage of them can alter him ;
But what he doth at first entend,
That he holds firmly to the end.

.

TO THE MAIDS, TO WALK ABROAD.

Come sit we under yonder tree,
Where merry as the maids we'll be ;
And as on primroses we sit,
We'll venter (if we can) at wit :
If not, at draw-gloves we will play,
So spend some minutes of the day :
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at questions and commands,
Or tell what strange tricks love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talke ; but tell
No cruell truths of Philomell,
Or Phillis, whom hard fate forc't on,
To kill her selfe for Demophon.
But fables we'll relate : how Jove
Put on all shapes to get a love ;
As now a satyr, then a swan ;
A bull but then, and now a man.
Next we will act how young men wooe,
And sigh, and kiss, as lovers do ;
And talke of brides, and who shall make
That wedding-smock, this bridal-cake ;

That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine,
That smooth and silken columbine.
This done, we'll draw lots who shall buy
And guild the baies and rosemary ;
What posies for our wedding rings,
What gloves we'll give, and ribanings ;
And smiling at our selves, decree
Who then the joyning priest shall be ;
What short sweet prayers shall be said,
And how the posset shall be made
With cream of lillies, (not of kine,)
And maiden's blush, for spiced wine.
Thus having talkt, we'll next commend
A kiss to each, and so we'll end.

HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As wearied pilgrims once possess
Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest,
So I now, having rid my way,
Fix here my button'd staffe and stay.
Youth, I confess, hath me mis-led ;
But age hath brought me right to bed.

A NUPTIALL VERSE TO MISTRESSE ELIZABETH
LEE, NOW LADY TRACIE.

SPRING with the larke, most comely bride, and
meet

Your eager bridegroom with auspicious feet.
The morn's farre spent, and the immortall sunne
Corrols * his cheek, to see those rites not done.
Fie, lovely maid ; indeed you are too slow,
When to the temple love sho'd runne, not go.
Dispatch your dressing then, and quickly wed :
Then feast, and coy't a little ; then to bed.
This day is loves day, and this busie night
Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight
With such an arm'd, but such an easie foe,
As will, if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.
The field is pitch't ; but such must be your warres,
As that your kisses must out-vie the starres.
Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye
Drown'd in the bloud of rubies there, not die.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting starres attend thee ;

* Rolls together, wrinkles for vexation or impatience.

And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.


No Will o'th Wisp mis-light thee,
Nor snake or slow-worme bite thee ;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber
What though the moon do's slumber ?
The starres of the night,
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare without number.

Then Julia let me wooe thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me ;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soule I'll pour into thee.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

GIVE me wine and give me meate,
To create in me a heate,
That my pulses high may beate.



HESPERIDES.

9

Cold and hunger never yet
Co'd a noble verse beget ;
But your boules with sack replent.

Give me these, my knight, and try
In a minutes space how I
Can runne mad, and prophesie.

Then if any peece proves new
And rare, Ile say, my dearest Crew,
It was full enspir'd by you.

GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

If well the dice runne, lets applaud the cast :
The happy fortune will not always last.

A KISSE.

WHAT is a kisse? Why this, as some approve ;
The sure sweet sement, glue, and lime of love.

GLORIE.

I MAKE no haste to have my numbers read :
Seldom comes glorie till a man be dead.

POETS.


WANTONS we are ; and though our words be suc
Our lives do differ from our lines by much.

NO DESPIGHT TO THE DEAD.

REPROACH we may the living, not the dead :
'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

TO HIS VERSES.

WHAT will ye, my poor orphans, do,
When I must leave the world and you ?
Who'l give ye then a sheltering shed,
Or credit ye, when I am dead ?
Who'l let ye by their fire sit,
Although ye have a stock of wit,
. Already coin'd to pay for it ?
. I cannot tell ; unlesse there be
Some race of old humanitie
Left, of the large heart, and long hand,
Alive, as noble Westmoreland,
Or gallant Newark, which brave two
May fost'ring fathers be to you.
If not, expect to be no less
Ill us'd then babes left fatherless.



HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

DEAREST of thousands, now the time draws
 neere
 That, with my lines, my life must full-stop here.
 Cut off thy haire, and let thy teares be shed
 Over my turfe, when I am buried.
 Then for effusions, let none wanting be,
 Or other rites that doe belong to me,
 As love shall help thee, when thou do'st go hence
 Unto thy everlasting residence.

UPON LOVE.

IN a dreame, love bad me go
 To the gallies there to rowe.
 In the vision I askt why?
 Love as briefly did reply,
 'Twas better there to toyle then prove
 The turmoiles they endure that love.
 I awoke, and then I knew
 What love said was too-too true:
 Henceforth therefore I will be,
 As from love, from trouble free.
 None pities him that's in the snare,
 And, warn'd before, wo'd not beware.

THE COBLER'S CATCH.

COME sit we by the fires side,
And roundly drinke we here,
Till that we see our cheekes ale-dy'd
And noses tann'd with beere.

UPON BRAN. EPIG.

WHAT made that mirth last night? The neigh-
bours say,
That Bran, the baker, did his breech bewray.
I rather thinke, though they may speak the worst,
'Twas to his batch but leaven laid there first.

UPON SNARE, AN USURER.

SNARE, ten i'th' hundred calls his wife, and why?
She brings in much by carnall usury:
He by extortion brings in three times more.
Say, who's the worst, th' exactor, or the whore?

UPON GRUDGINGS.

GRUDGINGS turnes bread to stones, when to the
poore
He gives an almes, and chides them from his doore.

CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES AT
WEDDINGS.

CHORUS SACERDOTUM.

FROM the temple to your home
May a thousand blessings come,
And a sweet concurring stream
Of all joyes, to joyn with them !

CHORUS JUVENUM.

Happy day,
Make no long stay
Here
In thy sphere ;
But give thy place to night,
That she,
As thee,
May be
Partaker of this sight.
And since it was thy care
'To see the younglings wed,
'Tis fit that night the paire
Sho'd see safe brought to bed.

CHORUS SENUM.

Go to your banquet then, but use delight, or move :
So as to rise still with an appetite. Gentle love.

Love is a thing most nice, and must be fed
 To such a height, but never surfeited.
 What is beyond the mean is ever ill :
 'Tis best to feed love, but not over-fill.
 Go then discreetly to the bed of pleasure,
 And this remember, Vertue keeps the measure.

CHORUS VIRGINUM.

Luckie signes we have discri'd
 To encourage on the bride ;
 And to these we have espi'd,
 Not a kissing Cupid flies
 Here about but has his eyes,—
 To imply your love is wise.

CHORUS PASTORUM.

Here we present a fleece,
 To make a peece
 Of cloth ;
 Nor, faire, must you be loth
 Your finger to apply
 To huswiferie.
 Then, then begin
 To spin,
 And, sweetling, marke you what a web will
 come
 GRUDG^{ing} chests, drawn by your painfull
 pool^{amb.}
 He gives an all.

CHORUS MATRONARUM.

Set you to your wheele, and wax
Rich by the ductile wool and flax.
Yarne is an income, and the huswives thread
The larder fills with meat, the bin with bread.

CHORUS SENUM.

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,
And not by any sordid shift :
 'Tis haste
 Makes waste.
Extreames have still their fault ;
The softest fire makes the sweetest mault.
Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,
Holds none at all, or little, in his hand.

CHORUS VIRGINUM.

Goddesse of pleasure, youth, and peace,
Give them the blessing of encrease :
And thou Lucina, that do'st heare
The vows of those that children beare,
When as her Aprill houre drawes neare,
Be thou then propitious there.

CHORUS JUVENUM.

Farre hence be all speech that may anger move :
Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle love.

CHORUS OMNIUM.

Live in the love of doves, and having told
The ravens yeares, go hence more ripe then old.

TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

ONE night i'th'yeare, my dearest beauties come
And bring those dew drink-offerings to my tomb
When thence ye see my reverend ghost to rise,
And there to lick th' effused sacrifice,
Though palenes be the livery that I weare,
Looke ye not wan or colourlesse for feare.
Trust me, I will not hurt ye, or once shew
The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you :
Nor shall the tapers, when I'm there, burn blew.
This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by,
Cast on my girles a glance and loving eye :
Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost,
The world so soon, and in it you, the most.
Then these, no feares more on your fancies fall,
Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

UPON LOVE.

A CHRISTALL viol Cupid brought,
Which had a juice in it,
Of which who drank, he said no thought
Of love he sho'd admit.

I, greedy of the prize, did drinke,
 And emptied soon the glasse ;
 Which burnt me so, that I do thinke
 The fire of hell it was.

Give me my earthen cups again,
 The christall I contemne ;
 Which, though enchas'd with pearls, contain
 A deadly draught in them.

And thou, O Cupid ! come not to
 My threshold, since I see,
 For all I have, or else can do,
 Thou still wilt cozen me.

UPON GANDER. EPIG.

SINCE Gander did his prettie youngling wed,
 Gander, they say, doth each night pisse a bed.
 What is the cause ? Why, Gander will reply,
 No goose layes good eggs that is trodden drye.

UPON LUNGS. EPIG.

LUNGS, as some say, ne'er sets him down to eate,
 But that his breath do's fly-blow all the meate.

THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRIE QUEEN.

PLEASE your grace, from out your store
Give an almes to one that's poore,
That your mickle may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat :
Give me then an ant to eate,
Or the cleft eare of a mouse
Over-sowr'd in drink of souce :
Or, sweet lady, reach to me
The abdomen of a bee ;
Or commend a cricket ship,
Or his huckson,* to my scrip.
Give, for bread, a little bit
Of a pease that 'gins to chit,†
And my full thanks take for it.
Floure of fuz-balls, that's too gobb
For a man in needy-hood :
But the meal of mill-dust can
Well content a craving man.
Any orts the elves refuse
Well will serve the beggars use.
But if this may seem too much
For an almes, then give me such
Little bits that nestle there
In the pris'ners panier.

* Hock.

† To shoot as a seed.

So a blessing light upon
You and mighty Oberon,
That your plenty last till when
I return your almes agen.

AN END DECREED.

LET's be jocund while we may :
All things have an ending day ;
And when once the work is done,
Fates revolve no flax th'ave spun.

UPON A CHILD.

HERE a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies :
Pray be silent, and not stirre
Th' easie earth that covers her.

PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

If nature do deny
Colours, let art supply.

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME SPRING.

FLED are the frosts, and now the fields appeare
Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant diaper :
Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty spring
Gives to each mead a neat enameling :
The palms put forth their gemmes, and every tree
Now swaggers in her leavy gallantry,
The while the Daulian minstrell * sweetly sings,
With warbling notes, her Tyrean sufferings.
What gentle winds perspire ! As if here
Never had been the northern plunderer,
To strip the trees and fields to their distresse,
Leaving them to a pitied nakednesse.
And look how when a frantick storme doth tear
A stubborn oake, or holme long growing there ;
But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze
That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees.
So when this war, which tempest-like doth spoil
Our salt, our corn, our honie, wine, and oile,
Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
His inconsiderate frenzie off, at last,
The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,
Bring in her bill once more the branch of peace.

* The Swallow.

THE HAG.

THE hag is astride,
This night for to ride,
The devile and shee together,
Through thick, and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'r so foule be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur,
With a lash of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through bryars,
O're ditches and mires,
She followes the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food
Dares now range the wood,
But husht in his laire he lies lurking :
While mischeifs by these,
On land and on seas,
At noone of night are a working.

The storme will arise
And trouble the skies
This night, and more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Cal'd out by the clap of the thunder.

UPON AN OLD MAN, A RESIDENCIARIE

TREAD, sirs, as lightly as ye can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice fortie, bating but one year,
And thrice three weekes, he lived here :
Whom gentle fate translated hence
To a more happy residence.
Yet, reader, let me tell thee this,
(Which from his ghost a promise is,)
If here ye will some few teares shed,
He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

UPON TEARES.

TEARES, though th'are here below the sinners
brine,
Above they are the angels spiced wine.

PHYSITIANS.

PHYSITIANS fight not against men ; but these
Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

THE PRIMITÆ TO PARENTS.

OUR houshold-gods our parents be,
And manners good require that we
The first fruits give to them, who gave
Us hands to get what here we have.

UPON COB. EPIG.

COB clouts his shooes, and as the story tells,
His thumb-nailes par'd, afford him sperrables.*

UPON LUCIE. EPIG.

SOUND teeth has Lucie, pure as pearl, and small,
With mellow lips and luscious there withall.

UPON SKOLES. EPIG.

SKOLES stinks so deadly, that his breeches loath
His dampish buttocks furthermore to cloath.
Cloy'd they are up with *æ. æ*; but hope one blast
Will whirl about and blow them thence at last.

* Shoemakers' nails.

TO SILVIA.

I AM holy while I stand
 Circum-crost by thy pure hand ;
 But when that is gone, again,
 I, as others, am prophane.

TO HIS CLOSET-GODS.

WHEN I goe hence, ye closet-gods, I feare
 Never againe to have ingression here ;
 Where I have had what ever things co'd be
 Pleasant and precious to my Muse and me.
 Besides rare sweets, I had a book which none
 Co'd read the intext but my selfe alone.
 About the cover of this book there went
 A curious-comely, clean compartiment ;
 And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set
 A blushing, pretty-peeping rubelet.
 But now 'tis clos'd ; and being shut and seal'd,
 Be it, O be it never more reveal'd !
 Keep here still, closet-gods, 'fore whom I've set
 Oblations oft of sweetest marmeleet.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty bowle
 Up to the brim,
 That I may drink
 Unto my Jonsons soule.

Crowne it agen, agen,
 And thrice repeat
 That happy heat,
 To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaffe, I see,
 To th' number five,
 Or nine ; but thrive
 In frenzie ne'r like thee.

LONG LOOKT FOR COMES AT LAST.

THOUGH long it be, yeeres may repay the debt ;
 None loseth that which he in time may get.

TO YOUTH.

DRINK wine, and live here blithesfull, while ye
 may :
 The morrowes life too late is ; live to day.

NEVER TOO LATE TO DYE.

No man comes late unto that place from whence
 Never man yet had a regredience.

A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

O YOU the virgins nine,
 That doe our soules encline
 To noble discipline,
 Nod to this vow of mine !
 Come then, and now enspire
 My viol and my lyre
 With your eternall fire,
 And make me one entire
 Composer in your quire.
 Then Ile your altars strew
 With roses sweet and new,
 And ever live a true
 Acknowledger of you.

ON HIMSELFE.

Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write
 Of that sweet lady, or that gallant knight :
 Ile sing no more of frosts, snowes, dewes and
 showers ;
 No more of groves, meades, springs, and wreaths
 of flowers :
 Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing
 Of Cupid and his wittie coozning :
 Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave
 No more my dirges and my trentalls have.

UPON JONE AND JANE.

JONE is a wench that's painted ;
 Jone is a girle that's tainted ;
 - Yet Jone she goes
 Like one of those
 Whom purity had sainted.

Jane is a girle that's prittie ;
 Jane is a wench that's wittie ;
 Yet who would think
 Her breath do's stinke
 As so it doth ? That's pittie.

TO MOMUS.

WHO read'st this book that I have writ,
 And can'st not mend, but carpe at it,
 By all the Muses ! thou shalt be
 Anathema to it and me.

AMBITION.

IN wayes to greatnesse think on this,
 That slippery all ambition is.

THE COUNTRY LIFE. TO THE HONOURED M.
END. PORTER, GROOME OF THE BED-
CHAMBER TO HIS MAJ.

SWEET country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others, not their own !
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plow'st the oceans foame,
To seek and bring rough pepper home ;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove ;
Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the west.
No, thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece ;
Or how to pay thy hinds,* and cleere
All scores, and so to end the yeere :
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others larger grounds :
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the plow-mans horne,
Calls forth the lilly-wristed morne,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,
Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know

* Farm laborers.

That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise masters feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy teame,
With a hind whistling there to them,
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The kingdoms portion is the plow.
This done, then to th' enameld meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herbe and flower,
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,
Sweet as the blossomes of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat,
Unto the dew-laps up in meat ;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steere,
The heifer, cow, and oxe draw neere
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolfe and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grasse as backs with wool ;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pagentrie, and playes,
Thou hast thy eves and holydayes ;
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffadils and daisies crown'd.

Thy wakes, thy quintels,* here thou hast,
The May-poles too with garlands grac't ;
Thy morris-dance ; thy Whitsun-ale ;
Thy sheering-feast ; which never faile :
Thy Harvest Home ; thy wassaile bowle,
That's tost up after Fox i'th' Hole ;
Thy mummeries ; thy Twelfe-tide kings
And queenes ; thy Christmas revellings ;
Thy nut-browne mirth ; thy russet wit,
And no man payes too deare for it.
To these thou hast thy times to goe
And trace the hare i'th' trecherous snow ;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The larke into the trammell net ;
Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade
To take the precious phesant made ;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then,
To catch the pilftring birds, not men.
O happy life ! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood :
Who all the daye themselves doe please,
And younglings, with such sports as these ;
And, lying down have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt.

* *Quintel*, or *quintain*, is a figure (or simply a plank) set up for tilters to run at, in mock resemblance of a tournament.

TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kisse ;
 I dare not beg a smile ;
 Lest having that or this,
 I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
 Of my desire shall be,
 Onely to kisse that aire
 That lately kissed thee.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

WHEN after many lusters thou shalt be
 Wrapt up in seare-cloth with thine ancestrie ;
 When of thy ragged escutcheons shall be seene
 So little left, as if they ne'er had been ;
 Thou shalt thy name have and thy fames best
 trust,
 Here with the generation of my just.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESSE HE WOULD HAVE.

BE the mistresse of my choice
 Cleane in manners, cleere in voice ;
 Be she witty, more than wise ;
 Pure enough, though not precise :

Be she shewing in her dresse,
 Like a civill wilderness ;
 That the curious may detect
 Order in a sweet neglect :
 Be she rowling in her eye,
 Tempting all the passers by ;
 And each ringlet of her haire
 An enchantment, or a snare
 For to catch the lookers on,
 But her self held fast by none.
 Let her Lucrece all day be,
 Thais in the night, to me.
 Be she such, as neither will
 Famish me, nor over-fill.

UPON ZELOT.

Is Zelot pure? He is : ye see he weares
 The signe of circumcision in his eares.

THE ROSEMARIE BRANCH.

Grow for two ends ; it matters not at all,
 Be't for my bridall or my buriall.

UPON MADAM URSLY. EPIG.

For ropes of pearles, first Madam Ursly shewes
 A chaine of cornes, pickt from her eares and toes :

Then next to match Tradescant's curious shels,
 Nailes from her fingers mew'd,* she shewes : what
 els ?

Why then, forsooth, a carcanet is shown
 Of teeth, as deaf† as nuts, and all her own.

UPON CRAB. EPIGR.

CRAB faces gownes with sundry furies ; 'tis
 known,
 He keeps the fox-furre for to face his own.

A PARANÆTICALL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE, TO HIS
 FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKS.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep ?
 To rise as soon as day doth peep ?
 To tire thy patient oxe or asse
 By noone, and let thy good dayes passe,
 Not knowing this, that Jove decrees
 Some mirth, t'adulce mans miseries ?
 No ; 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,
 Without extortion, from thy soyle ;
 Thy faithful fields to yeeld thee graine,
 Although with some, yet little paine ;
 To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed,
 With feares and cares uncumbered ;

* Moulded, shed.

† Decayed.

A pleasing wife, that by thy side
Lies softly panting like a bride.
This is to live, and to endeere
Those minutes Time has lent us here.
Then, while fates suffer, live thou free
As is that ayre that circles thee,
And crown thy temples too, and let
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
To strut * thy barnes with sheafs of wheat.
Time steals away like to a stream,
And we glide hence away with them.
No sound recalls the houres once fled,
Or roses, being withered :
Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,
Like to a deaw or melted frost.
Then live we mirthfull, while we should,
And turn the iron age to gold.
Let's feast and frolick, sing and play,
And thus lesse last, then live, our day.
Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last :
Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,
But for to live that half seven well.
And that we'll do; as men who know,
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
Both to be blended in the urn,
From whence there's never a return.

* Stretch, stuff.

ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

THOUSANDS each day passe by, which wee,
Once past and gone, no more shall see.

LOVE.

THIS axiom I have often heard,
Kings ought to be more lov'd then fear'd.

TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

OR lookt I back unto the times hence flown,
To praise those Muses and dislike our own?
Or did I walk those pean-gardens through,
To kick the flow'rs and scorn their odours too?
I might, and justly, be reputed here
One nicely mad, or peevishly severe.
But by Apollo! as I worship wit,
Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it,
So, I confesse, 'tis somewhat to do well
In our high art, although we can't excell
Like thee, or dare the buskins to unloose
Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian Muse.
But since I'm cal'd, rare Denham, to be gone,
Take from thy Herrick this conclusion:
'Tis dignity in others, if they be
Crown'd poets; yet live princes under thee:

The while their wreaths and purple robes do
shine,
Less by their own jemms then those beams of
thine.

A HYMNE TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is,
To worship ye, the Lares,
With crowns of greenest parsley,
And garlick chives not scarcely :
For favours here to warme me,
And not by fire to harme me ;
For gladding so my hearth here,
With inoffensive mirth here ;
That while the wassaile bowle here
With North-down ale doth troule here,
No sillable doth fall here,
To marre the mirth at all here.
For which, o chimney-keepers !
(I dare not call ye sweepers)
So long as I am able
To keep a countrey-table,
Great be my fare, or small cheere,
I'll eat and drink up all here.

DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTENING TO
MEN.

WOMEN, although they ne're so goodly make it,
Their fashion is but to say no to take it.

ADVERSITY.

LOVE is maintain'd by wealth ; when all is spent,
Adversity then breeds the discontent.

TO FORTUNE.

TUMBLE me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruines, smiling yet :
Teare me to tatters, yet I'll be
Patient in my necessitie :
Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun
Me as a fear'd infection :
Yet scare-crow like I'll walk, as one
Neglecting thy derision.

TO ANTHEA.

COME, Anthea, know thou this :
Love at no time idle is.

Let's be doing, though we play
But at push-pin half the day.
Chains of sweet bents * let us make,
Captive one or both to take ;
In which bondage we will lie,
Souls transfusing thus and die.

CRUELITIES.

NERO commanded, but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding death and cruelties.

PERSEVERANCE.

HAST thou begun an act ? Ne're then give o're :
No man despaire to do what's done before.

UPON HIS VERSES.

WHAT off-spring other men have got,
The how, where, when, I question not.
These are the children I have left ;
Adopted some, none got by theft :
But all are toucht, like lawfull plate,
And no verse illegitimate.

* A coarse grass.

DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

KINGS must not oft be seen by public eyes :
State at a distance adds to dignities.

HEALTH.

HEALTH is no other, as the learned hold,
But a just measure both of heat and cold.

TO DIANE. A CEREMONIE IN GLOCESTER.

LE to thee a simnell * bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering ; †
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

TO THE KING.

GIVE way, give way ; now, now my Charles
shines here,
A publike light in this immensive sphere.
Some starres were fixt before ; but these are dim,
Compar'd in this my ample orbe to him.

* A kind of rich cake.

† A custom of visiting parents on Mid-lent Sunday, and making them a present.

Draw in your feeble fiers, while that he
Appeares but in his meaner majestie ;
Where, if such glory flashes from his name,
Which is his shade, who can abide his flame !
Princes, and such like public lights as these,
Must not be lookt on but at distances :
For, if we gaze on these brave lamps too neer,
Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer

THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE.

THE rose was sick, and smiling di'd ;
And, being to be sanctif'd,
About the bed there sighing stood
The sweet and flowrie sisterhood.
Some hung the head, while some did bring,
To wash her, water from the spring.
Some laid her forth, while others wept ;
But all a solemne fast there kept.
The holy sisters, some among,
The sacred Dirge and Trentall sung.
But ah ! what sweets smelt every where,
As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.
At last, when prayers for the dead,
And rites were all accomplished,
They, weeping, spread a lawnie loome,
And clos'd her up as in a tombe.

THE RAINBOW: OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

MINE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine,
And as they thus did entertaine
The gentle beams from Julia's sight
To mine eyes level'd opposite,
O thing admir'd ! there did appeare
A curious rainbow smiling there ;
Which was the covenant that she
No more wo'd drown mines eyes or me.

THE LAST STROKE STRIKE SURE.

THOUGH by well-warding many blowes w'ave past,
That stroke most fear'd is which is struck the last.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE's a blind profuser of her own ;
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

STOOL-BALL.

At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar-cakes and wine ;
Or for a transie let us pay,
The losse or thine or mine.

If thou, my deere, a winner be
At trundling of the ball,
The wager thou shalt have, and me,
And my misfortunes all.

But if, my sweetest, I shall get,
Then I desire but this ;
That likewise I may pay the bet,
And have for all a kisse.

TO SAPPHO.

LET us now take time and play,
Love and live here while we may ;
Drink rich wine, and make good cheere
While we have our being here ;
For, once dead and laid i'th grave,
No return from thence we have.

ON POET PRAT. EPIGR.

PRAT he writes satyres ; but herein's the fault,
In no one satyre there's a mite of salt.

BITING OF BEGGARS.

WHO, railing, drives the lazar from his door,
Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

UPON TUCK. EPIGR.

AT Post and Paire,* or Slam,* Tom Tuck would
 play
 This Christmas, but his want wherewith says nay.

THE MAY-POLE.

THE May-pole is up,
 Now give me the cup,
 I'll drink to the garlands a-round it ;
 But first unto those
 Whose hands did compose
 The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my girles,
 Whose husbands may Earles
 Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)
 And when that ye wed
 To the bridall bed,
 Then multiply all like to fishes.

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE.

THAT flow of gallants, which approach
 To kisse thy hand from out the coach ;

* A game at cards.

That fleet of lackeyes, which do run
Before thy swift postilion ;
Those strong-hoof'd mules, which we behold
Rein'd in with purple, pearl, and gold,
And shod with silver, prove to be
The drawers of the axeltree ;
Thy wife, thy children, and the state
Of Persian loomes and antique plate :
All these and more, shall then afford
No joy to thee their sickly lord.

ADVERSITY.


ADVERSITY hurts none, but onely such
Whom whitest fortune dandled has too much.

WANT.

NEED is no vice at all ; though here it be
With men a loathed inconveniencie.

GRIEFE.

SORROWES divided amongst many lesse
Discruciate a man in deep distresse.



LOVE PALPABLE.

I PREST my Julia's lips, and in the kisse
Her soule and love were palpable in this.

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

NOTHING hard or harsh can prove
Unto those that truly love.

MEANE THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

By the weak'st means things mighty are o're-
thrown:
He's lord of thy life who contemnes his own.

UPON TRIGG. EPIG.

TRIGG having turn'd his sute, he struts in state,
And tells the world he's now regenerate.

UPON SMEATON.

How co'd Luke Smeaton weare a shoe or boot!
Who two and thirty cornes had on a foot.

THE BRACELET OF PEARLE : TO SILVIA.

I BRAKE thy bracelet 'gainst my will ;
And, wretched, I did see
Thee discomposed then, and still
Art discontent with me.

One jemme was lost ; and I will get
A richer pearle for thee,
Then ever, dearest Silvia, yet
Was drunk to Antonie.

Or, for revenge, Ile tell thee what
Thou for the breach shalt do ;
First, crack the strings, and after that,
Cleave thou my heart in two.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said, as Cupid danc't among
The gods, he down the nectar flung ;
Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

KINGS.

MEN are not born kings, but are men renown'd ;
Chose first, confirm'd next, and at last are crown'd.

FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

PREPOST'ROUS is that order, when we run
To ask our wages e're our work be done.

TEARES AND LAUGHTER.

KNEW'ST thou one moneth wo'd take thy life away,
Thou'dst weep ; but laugh, sho'd it not last a day.

GLORY.

GLORY no other thing is, Tullie sayes,
Then a mans frequent fame spoke out with praise.

POSSESSIONS.

THOSE possessions short-liv'd are,
Into the which we come by warre.

LAXARE FIBULAM.

To loose the buttons is no lesse
Then to cast off all bashfulnesse.

HIS RETURNE TO LONDON.

FROM the dull confines of the drooping west,
To see the day spring from the pregnant east,
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie
To thee, blest place of my nativitie !
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful genius ! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.
O place ! O people ! manners ! fram'd to please
All nations, customes, kindreds, languages !
I am a free-born Roman ; suffer then,
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is ; though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment ;
Yet since cal'd back ; henceforward let me be,
O native countrey, reposest by thee !
For, rather then I'll to the west return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;
Give thou my sacred reliques buriall.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

'Tis not ev'ry day that I
 Fitted am to prophesie :
 No ; but when the spirit fils
 The fantastick pannicles *
 Full of fier, then I write
 As the Godhead doth indite.
 Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
 Like the sybells, through the world.
 Look how next the holy fier
 Either slakes, or doth retire ;
 So the fancie cooles, till when
 That brave spirit comes agen.

POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

To mortall men great loads allotted be ;
 But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

A BEUCOLICK, OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS.

1 COME, blithfull Neatherds, let us lay
 A wager who the best shall play,
 Of thee, or I, the roundelay,
 That fits the businesse of the day.

* Membranes (of the brain.)

Chor. And Lallage the judge shall be,
To give the prize to thee, or me.

- 2 Content ; begin, and I will bet
A heifer smooth and black as jet,
In every part alike compleat,
And wanton as a kid as yet.

Chor. And Lallage, with cow-like eyes,
Shall be disposeresse of the prize.

- 1 Against thy heifer, I will here
Lay to thy stake a lustie steere,
With gilded hornes, and burnisht cleere.

Chor. Why then begin, and let us heare
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
That gently purles from eithers oat.

- 2 The stakes are laid : let's now apply
Each one to make his melody.

Lal. The equall umpire shall be I,
Who'l hear, and so judge righteously.

Chor. Much time is spent in prate ; begin,
And sooner play, the sooner win.

[*He playes.*

- 1 That's sweetly touch't, I must confesse :
Thou art a man of worthinesse.
-

But hark how I can now expresse
My love unto my Neatherdesse.

[*He sings.*]

Chor. A suger'd note, and sound as sweet
As kine when they at milking meet.

1 Now for to win thy heifer faire,
I'll strike thee such a nimble ayre,
That thou shalt say thy selfe 'tis rare,
And title me without compare.

Chor. Lay by a while your pipes and rest,
Since both have here deserved best.

2 To get thy steerling, once again
I'll play thee such another strain,
That thou shalt swear my pipe do's raigne
Over thine oat as soveraigne.

[*He sings.*]

Chor. And Lallage shall tell by this,
Whose now the prize and wager is.

1 Give me the prize. 2. The day is mine.
1 Not so; my pipe has silenc't thine:
And hadst thou wager'd twenty kine,
They were mine own. *Lal.* In love combine.

Chor. And lay we down our pipes together,
As wearie, not o'recome by either.

TRUE SAFETY.

'Tis not the walls, or purple, that defends
A prince from foes ; but 'tis his fort of friends.

A PROGNOSTICK.

As many lawes and lawyers do expresse
Nought but a kingdoms ill-affectednesse,
Ev'n so those streets and houses do but show
Store of diseases, where physitians flow.

UPON JULIA'S SWEAT.

Wo'd ye oyle of blossomes get?
Take it from my Julia's sweat.
Oyle of lillies, and of spike?
From her moysture take the like.
Let her breath, or let her blow,
All rich spices thence will flow.

PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

You see this gentle streame, that glides,
Shov'd on by quick succeeding tides :

Trie if this sober streame you can
Follow to th' wilder ocean;
And see, if there it keeps unspent
In that congesting element.
Next, from that world of waters, then
By poares and cavernes back agen
Induct that inadultrate same
Streame to the spring from whence it came.
This with a wonder * when ye do,—
As easie, and els easier too,
Then may ye recollect the graines
Of my particular remaines,
After a thousand lusters hurld
By ruffling winds about the world.

FAME.

'Tis still observ'd, that fame ne're sings
The order but the sum of things.

BY USE COMES EASINESSE.

OFt bend the bow, and thou with ease shalt do
What others can't with all their strength put to.

* Miracle.

TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

COMMAND the rooffe, great Genius, and from
 thence
 Into this house powre downe thy influence,
 That through each room a golden pipe may run
 Of living water by thy benizon.
 Fulfill the larders, and with strengthening bread
 Be evermore these bynns replenished.
 Next, like a bishop, consecrate my ground,
 That luckie fairies here may dance their round :
 And after that, lay downe some silver pence,
 The masters charge and care to recompence.
 Charme then the chambers ; make the beds for
 ease,
 More then for peevish pining sicknesses.
 Fix the foundation fast, and let the rooffe
 Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-prooffe.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

THOUGH clock
 To tell how night drawes hence, I've none,
 A cock
 I have, to sing how day drawes on.
 I have
 A maid, my Prew, by good luck sent,
 To save
 That little fates me gave or lent.

A hen
 I keep, which, creaking day by day,
 Tells when
 She goes her long white egg to lay.
 A goose
 I have, which, with a jealous eare,
 Lets loose
 Her tongue to tell what danger's neare.
 A lamb
 I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,
 Whose dam
 An orphan left him (lately dead.)
 A cat
 I keep, that playes about my house,
 Grown fat
 With eating many a miching * mouse,
 To these,
 A Trasy † I do keep, whereby
 I please
 The more my rurall privacie :
 Which are
 But toyes, to give my heart some ease :
 Where care
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSELL.

In all thy need, be thou possesst
 Still with a well-prepared brest,

* Thieving.

† His Spaniel.

Nor let the shackles make thee sad ;
Thou canst but have, what others had.
And this for comfort thou must know,
Times that are ill wo'nt still be so.
Clouds will not ever powre down raine ;
A sullen day will cleere againe.
First peales of thunder we must heare,
Then lutes and harpes shall stroke the eare.

MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

WHEN all birds els do of their musick faile,
Money's the still sweet-singing nightingale.

UP TAILLES ALL.

BEGIN with a kisse,
Go on too with this :
And thus, thus, thus let us smother
Our lips for a while,
But let's not beguile
Our hope of one for the other.

This play, be assur'd,
Long enough has endur'd,
Since more and more is exacted ;
For Love he doth call
For his uptailles-all ;
And that's the part to be acted. -

UPON FRANCK.

FRANCK wo'd go scoure her teeth ; and setting to't,
Twice two fell out, all rotten at the root.

UPON LUCIA DABLED IN THE DEAW.

MY Lucia in the deaw did go,
And prettily bedabled so,
Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall
Her decent legs, cleane, long and small.
I follow'd after to descrie
Part of the nak't sincerity ;
But still the envious scene * between
Deni'd the mask I wo'd have seen.

CHARON AND PHYLOMEL: A DIALOGUE SUNG.

Ph. CHARON! O gentle Charon! let me woove
thee,
By teares and pitie now to come unto mee.
Ch. What voice so sweet and charming do I
heare?
Say what thou art. *Ph.* I prithee first draw
neare.
Ch. A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see.
Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O Charon, pittie
me!

* Veil, screen.

I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling note will say I'm Phylomel.

Ch. What's that to me? I wast nor fish or fowles,
Nor beasts, fond thing, but only humane soules.

Ph. Alas for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching
note,

That made me thus hoist saile, and bring my
boat.

But Ile return; what mischief brought thee
hither?

Ph. A deal of love, and much, much grieve to-
gether,

Ch. What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's
now beneath

Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death.

Ch. And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love I
pray thee—

Ch. Talk not of love: all pray, but few soules pay
me.

Ph. Ile give thee vows and tears. *Ch.* Can tears
pay skores

For mending sails, for patching boat and
oares?

Ph. I'll beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,
Till thou shalt say I've paid thee with a song.

Ch. Why then begin, and all the while we make
Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian lake,
Thou and I'll sing to make these dull shades
merry,

Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown my
ferry.

UPON PAUL. EPIGR.

PAULS hands do give. What give they ; bread,
or meat,
Or money ? No, but onely deaw and sweat.
As stones and salt gloves use to give, even so
Pauls hands do give ; nought else for ought we
know.

UPON SIBB. EPIGR.

SIBB when she saw her face how hard it was,
For anger spat on thee, her looking-glasse.
But weep not, christall ; for the shame was meant
Not unto thee, but that thou didst present.

A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF
JELLIE SENT TO A LADY.

A LITTLE saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine,
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soyle,
A little trade best fits a little toyle,
As my small jarre best fits my little oyle.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head,
As my small stuffe best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chappell fits a little quire,
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little streame best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float,
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little bellie,
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little jellie.

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

THRICE happie roses, so much grac't to have
Within the bosome of my love your grave,
Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne ;
Your grave her bosome is, the lawne the stone.

MAIDS NAY'S ARE NOTHING.

MAIDS nay's are nothing ; they are shie
But to desire what they denie.

THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

THE gods require the thighs
Of beeves for sacrifice ;
Which rosted, we the steam
Must sacrifice to them :
Who, though they do not eat,
Yet love the smell of meat.

LOVERS, HOW THEY COME AND PART.

A GYGES ring they beare about them still,
To be, and not, seen when and where they will.
They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes
fall,
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.
So silently they one to th' other come,
As colours steale into the peare or plum ;
And, aire-like, leave no presson to be seen,
Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

TO WOMEN. TO HIDE THEIR TEETH, IF THEY
BE ROTTEN OR RUSTY.

CLOSE keep your lips, if that you meane
To be accounted inside cleane :
For if you cleave them, we shall see
There in your teeth much leprosie.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

O JUPITER, sho'd I speake ill
Of woman-kind, first die I will;
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest
Of creatures, woman is the best.

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather flowers Sappho went,
And homeward she did bring,
Within her lawnie continent,
The treasure of the spring.

She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd,
And sweetly blushing thus,
She lookt as she'd been got with child
By young Favonius.

Her apron gave, as she did passe,
An odor more divine,
More pleasing too, then ever was
The lap of Proserpine.

THE CANDOR OF JULIA'S TEETH.

WHITE as Zenobias teeth, the which the girles
Of Rome did wear for their most precious pearls.

UPON HER WEeping.

SHE wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so,
She seeme'd to quench loves fires that there did
glow.

ANOTHER UPON HER WEeping.

SHE by the river sate, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

DELAY.

BREAK off delay, since we but read of one
That ever prosper'd by cunctation.

TO SIR JOHN BERKELEY, GOVERNOUR OF
EXETER.

STAND forth, brave man, since fate has made thee
here
The Hector over aged Exeter;
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
Like a poore lady lost in widdowhood:
But feares not now to see her safety sold
(As other towns and cities were) for gold,

By those ignoble births which shame the stem
 That gave progermination unto them :
 Whose restlesse ghosts shall heare their children
 sing,
 Our sires betraid their countrey and their king.
 True, if this citie seven times rounded was
 With rock, and seven times circumflankt with
 brasse,
 Yet if thou wert not, Berkley, loyall proofe,
 The senators, down tumbling with the roofe,
 Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,
 Leaving no shew where stood the capitoll.
 But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please
 Thy genius with two strength'ning buttresses,
 Faith, and Affection : which will never slip
 To weaken this thy great dictatorship.

TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.

LOVE love begets ; then never be
 Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee :
 Tygers and beares, I've heard some say,
 For profer'd love will love repay.
 None are so harsh, but, if they find
 Softnesse in others, will be kind.
 Affection will affection move :
 Then you must like, because I love.

REGRESSION SPOILES RESOLUTION.

HAST thou attempted greatnesse? Then go on;
Back-turning slackens resolution.

CONTENTION.

DISCREET and prudent we that discord call,
That either profits, or not hurts at all.

CONSULTATION.

CONSULT ere thou begin'st: that done, go on
With all wise speed for execution.

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

WHATSOEVER thing I see,
Rich or poore although it be,
'Tis a mistresse unto mee.

Be my girle or faire or browne,
Do's she smile, or do's she frowne,
Still I write a sweet-heart downe.

Be she rough or smooth of skin,
When I touch, I then begin
For to let affection in.

Be she bald, or do's she weare
Locks incurl'd of other haire,
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,
So my fancie be content,
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she leane,
Be she sluttish, be she cleane,
I'm a man for ev'ry sceane.

OUR OWN SINS UNSEEN.

OTHER mens sins wee ever beare in mind :
None sees the fardell of his faults behind.

NO PAINES, NO GAINES.

If little labour, little are our gaines :
Man's fortunes are according to his paines.

UPON SLOUCH.

SLOUCH, he packs up, and goes to sev'rall faires
 And weekly markets, for to sell his wares.
 Mean time that he from place to place do's rome,
 His wife her own ware sells as fast at home.

VERTUE BEST UNITED.

By so much vertue is the lesse,
 By how much neere to singlenesse.

THE EYE.

A WANTON and lascivious eye
 Betrayes the hearts adulterie.

TO PRINCE CHARLES, UPON HIS COMING TO
 EXETER.

WHAT fate decreed, time now ha's made us see ;—
 A renovation of the west by thee.
 That preternaturall fever, which did threat
 Death to our countrey, now hath lost his heat ;
 And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more
 Th' unequall pulse to beat as heretofore.

Something there yet remains for thee to do :
Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.
Go on with Sylla's fortune ; let thy fate
Make thee, like him, this, that way fortunate.
Apollon's image side with thee to blesse
Thy warre, discreetly made, with white successes !
Mean time thy prophets, watch by watch, shall
 pray,
While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the
 day.
That done, our smooth-pac't poems all shall be
Sung in the high doxologie of thee.
Then maids shall strew thee, and thy curls from
 them
Receive, with songs, a flowrie diadem.

A SONG.

BURNE, or drowne me ; choose ye whether,
So I may but die together :
Thus to slay me by degrees,
Is the height of cruelties.
What needs twenty stabs when one
Strikes me dead as any stone ?
O shew mercy then, and be
Kind at once to murder mee.

PRINCES AND FAVOURITES.

PRINCES and fav'rites are most deere, while they,
By giving and receiving, hold the play :
But the relation then of both growes poor,
When these can aske, and kings can give no more.

EXAMPLES : OR LIKE PRINCE, LIKE PEOPLE.

EXAMPLES lead us, and wee likely see,
Such as the prince is, will his people be.

POTENTATES.

LOVE and the Graces evermore do wait
Upon the man that is a potentate.

THE WAKE.

COME, Anthea, let us two
Go to feast, as others do.
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes
Are the junketts still at wakes :
Unto which the tribes resort,
Where the businesse is the sport.

Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian too in pagentrie,
And a mimick to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action, as in clothes :
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious villages.
Neer the dying of the day,
There will be a cudgell-play,
Where a coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke :
But the anger ends all here,
Drencht in ale, or drown'd in beere.
Happy rusticks ! best content
With the cheapest merriment :
And possesse no other feare,
Then to want the wake next yeare.

THE PETER-PENNY.

FRESH strowlings allow
To my sepulcher now,
To make my lodging the sweeter ;
A staffe or a wand
Put then in my hand,
With a penny to pay S. Peter.

Who has not a crosse,
Must sit with the losse,

And no whit further must venture ;
 Since the porter, he
 Will paid have his fee,
 Or els not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift,
 Cant send for a gift
 A pig to the priest for a roster,
 Shall heare his clarke say,
 By yea and by nay,
 No pennie, no pater noster.

TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER.

NOR art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd
 Amongst mine honour'd thee almost the last.
 In great processions many lead the way
 To him who is the triumph of the day ;
 As these have done to thee, who art the one,
 One onely glory of a million.
 In whom the spirit of the gods do's dwell,
 Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell
 When this or that vast dinastie must fall
 Downe to a fillit * more imperiall ;
 When this or that horne shall be broke, and when
 Others shall spring up in their place agen ;
 When times and seasons and all yeares must lie
 Drown'd in the sea of wild eternitie ;

* A victor's wreath. (?)

When the black dooms-day bookes (as yet unseal'd)
Shall by the mighty angell be reveal'd ;
And when the trumpet which thou late hast found
Shall call to judgment. Tell us when the sound
Of this or that great Aprill day shall be,
And next the gospell wee will credit thee.
Meane time like earth-wormes we will craule below,
And wonder at those things that thou dost know.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. M. S.

HERE lies a virgin, and as sweet
As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.
Her name if next you wo'd have knowne,
The marble speaks it Mary Stone :
Who dying in her blooming yeares,
This stone, for names sake, melts to teares.
If, fragrant virgins, you'l but keep
A fast, while jets and marbles weep,
And praying, strew some roses on her,
You'l do my neice abundant honour.

FELICITIE KNOWES NO FENCE

Or both our fortunes, good and bad, we find
Prosperitie more searching of the mind :
Felicitie flies o're the wall and fence,
While misery keeps in with patience.

DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

TIME is the bound of things, where e're we go :
Fate gives a meeting, Death's the end of woe.

A CONJURATION : TO ELECTRA

By those soft tods of wooll
With which the aire is full ;
By all those tinctures there,
That paint the hemisphere ;
By dewes and drisling raine,
That swell the golden graine ;
By all those sweets that be
I'th flowrie nunnerie ;
By silent nights, and the
Three formes of Heccate ;
By all aspects that blesse
The sober sorceresse,
While juice she straines, and pith,
To make her philters with ;
By time, that hastens on
Things to perfection ;
And by your self, the best
Conjurement of the rest ;
O my Electra ! be
In love with none but me.

COURAGE COOL'D.

I CANNOT love as I lov'd before ;
For I'm grown old, and with mine age, grown poore.
Love must be fed by wealth : this blood of mine
Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

THE SPELL.

HOLY water come and bring ;
Cast in salt, for seasoning ;
Set the brush for sprinkling ;
Sacred spittle bring ye hither ;
Meale and it now mix together,
And a little oyle to either :
Give the tapers here their light ;
Ring the saints-bell, to affright
Far from hence the evill sp'rite.

HIS WISH TO PRIVACIE.

GIVE me a cell,
To dwell
Where no foot hath
A path :
There will I spend,
And end
My wearied yeares
In teares.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

A MASTER of a house (as I have read)
 Must be the first man up, and last in bed.
 With the sun rising he must walk his grounds ;
 See this, view that, and all the other bounds :
 Shut every gate, mend every hedge that's torne,
 Either with old, or plant therein new thorne :
 Tread ore his gleab, but with such care, that where
 He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

I SING thy praise, Iacchus,
 Who with thy thyrses doth thwack us :
 And yet thou so dost back us
 With boldness, that we feare
 No Brutus entring here,
 Nor Cato the severe.
 What though the lictors threat us,
 We know they dare not beat us,
 So long as thou dost heat us.
 When we thy orgies sing,
 Each cobbler is a king,
 Nor dreads he any thing :
 And though he doe not rave,
 Yet he'll the courage have
 To call my Lord Maior knave.

Besides too, in a brave,*
 Although he has no riches,
 But walks with dangling breeches,
 And skirts that want their stiches,
 And shewes his naked flitches,
 Yet he'le be thought or seen
 So good as George-a-Green ; †
 And calls his blouze ‡ his queene,
 And speaks in language keene.
 O Bacchus ! let us be
 From cares and troubles free ;
 And thou shalt heare how we
 Will chant new hymnes to thee.

UPON PUSSE AND HER PRENTICE. EPIG.

PUSSE and her prentice both at draw-gloves play :
 That done, they kisse, and so draw out the day.
 At night they draw to supper ; then, well fed,
 They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed

BLAME THE REWARD OF PRINCES.

AMONG disasters that discention brings,
 This not the least is, which belongs to kings.
 If wars goe well, each for a part layes claime :
 If ill, then kings, not souldiers, beare the blame.

* In a flourishing mood, or, on an occasion of display.

† The doughty Pinner of Wakefield.

‡ Red-faced wench.

CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

KINGS must not only cherish up the good,
But must be niggards of the meanest bloud.

ANGER.

WRONGS, if neglected, vanish in short time ;
But heard with anger, we confesse the crime.

A PSALME OR HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

GLORY be to the Graces !
That doe in publike places
Drive thence what ere encumbers
The listning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces !
Who doe with sweet embraces
Shew they are well contented
With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces !
Who do from sowre faces,
And lungs that wo'd infect me,
For evermore protect me.

A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

HONOUR to you who sit
Neere to the well of wit,
And drink your full of it !

Glory and worship be
To you, sweet Maids thrice three !
Who still inspire me,

And teach me how to sing
Upon the lyrick string
My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise,
My priest-hood crown with bayes
Green, to the end of dayes.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

WHEN as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, me thinks, how sweetly flowes
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration, each way free,
O how that glittering taketh me !

MODERATION.

IN things a moderation keepe :
Kings ought to sheare, not skin their sheepe.

TO ANTHEA.

LEts call for Hymen, if agreed thou art :
Delays in love but crucifie the heart.
Loves thornie tapers yet neglected lye :
Speak thou the word, they'l kindle by and by.
The nimble howers wooe us on to wed,
And genius waits to have us both to bed.
Behold, for us the naked Graces stay
With maunds * of roses for to strew the way :
Besides, the most religious prophet stands
Ready to joyne as well our hearts as hands.
Juno yet smiles ; but if she chance to chide,
Ill luck 'twill bode to th' bridegroome and the bride.
Tell me, Anthea, dost thou fondly dread
The loss of what we call a maydenhead ?
Come, Ile instruct thee : know, the vestall fier
Is not by mariage quencht, but flames the higher.

* Baskets.

UPON PREW, HIS MAID.

IN this little urne is laid
Prewdence Baldwin, once my maid ;
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

THE INVITATION.

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite,
And mad'st a promise that mine appetite
Sho'd meet and tire on such lautitious * meat,
The like not Heliogabalus did eat :
And richer wine wo'dst give to me, thy guest,
Then Roman Sylla powr'd out at his feast.
I came, tis true, and lookt for fowle of price,—
The bastard phenix, bird of paradise ;
And for no less then aromattick wine
Of maydens-blush, commixt with jessimine.
Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet,
Which wanting Lar and smoke, hung weeping wet.
At last, i'th'noone of winter, did appeare
A ragd soust neats-foot with sick vineger ;
And in a burnisht flagonet stood by
Beere small as comfort, dead as charity.

* Magnificent.

At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,
How cold it was, and how it chill'd my blood,
I curst the master, and I damn'd the souce,
And swore I got the ague of the house.
Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
I'll bring a fever, since thou keep'st no fire.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE.

COME, bring with a noise,
My merrie merrie boyes,
The Christmas log to the firing ;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeeres brand
Light the new block, And
For good successe in his spending,
On your psalties play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a teending.*

Drink now the strong beere,
Cut the white loafe here,
The while the meate is a shredding
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a kneading.

* Kindling, burning.

CHRISTMASSE-EVE : ANOTHER CEREMONIE.

COME guard this night the Christmas-pie,
 That the thiefe, though ne'r so slie,
 With his flesh-hooks, don't come nie
 To catch it

From him who all alone sits there,
 Having his eyes still in his eare,
 And a deale of nightly feare
 To watch it.

ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

WASH your hands, or else the fire
 Will not teend to your desire.
 Unwasht hands, ye maidens, know,
 Dead the fire, though ye blow.

ANOTHER.

WASSAILE * the trees, that they may beare
 You many a plum and many a peare :
 For more or lesse fruits they will bring,
 As you doe give them wassailing.

* A custom practised on New Year's Eve, and still remembered in some parts of England. A troop of boys visit the orchards, and encircling the trees, repeat certain verses.

POWER AND PEACE.

'Tis never or but seldome knowne,
Power and peace to keep one throne.

TO HIS DEARE VALENTINE, MISTRESSE MARGARET FALCONBRIDGE.

Now is your turne, my dearest, to be set
A jem in this eternall coronet.
'Twas rich before ; but since your name is downe,
It sparkles now like Ariadne's crowne.
Blaze by this sphere for ever : or this doe ;
Let me and it shine evermore by you.

TO OENONE.

SWEET Oenone, doe but say
Love thou dost, though Love sayes nay.
Speak me faire ; for lovers be
Gently kill'd by flatterie.

VERSES.

Who will not honour noble numbers, when
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men ?

HAPPINESSE.

THAT happines do's still the longest thrive,
Where joyes and griefs have turns alternative.

THINGS OF CHOICE LONG A COMMING.

WE pray 'gainst warre, yet we enjoy no peace ;
Desire deferr'd is, that it may encrease.

POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

HERE I my selfe might likewise die,
And utterly forgotten lye,
But that eternall poetrie
Repullulation gives me here
Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere,
When all now dead shall re-appeare.

UPON BICE.

when no man speaks ; and doth

in breach there that breaks the jest.

UPON TRENCHERMAN.

TOM shifts the trenchers ; yet he never can
Endure that lukewarm name of serving man.
Serve or not serve, let Tom doe what he can,
He is a serving, who's a trencherman.

KISSES.

GIVE me the food that satisfies a guest :
Kisses are but dry banquets to a feast.

ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS he went (as poets tell)
To fetch Euridice from hell ;
And had her ; but it was upon
This short, but strict, condition :
Backward he should not looke while he
Led her through hells obscuritie.
But ah ! it hapned as he made
His passage through that dreadfull shade,
Revolve he did his loving eye,
For gentle feare, or jelousie,
And looking back, that look did sever
Him and Euridice for ever.


UPON COMELY, A GOOD SPEAKER BUT AN ILL
SINGER. EPIG.

COMELY acts well, and when he speaks his part,
He doth it with the sweetest tones of art :
But when he sings a psalme, ther's none can be
More curst for singing out of tune then he.

ANY WAY FOR WEALTH.

E'ENE all religious courses to be rich
Hath been reherst by Joell Michelditch :
But now perceiving that it still do's please
The sterner fates to cross his purposes,
He tacks about, and now he doth profess
Rich he will be by all unrighteousness.
Thus if our ship fails of her anchor hold,
We'l love the divell, so he lands the gold.

UPON AN OLD WOMAN.

OLD widdow Prouse to do her neighbours evill
Wo'd give, some say, her soule unto the devill.
Well, when sh'as kild that pig, goose, cock, or
hen,
 she give to get that soule agen?

UPON PEARCE. EPIG.

THOU writes in prose, how sweet all virgins be ;
But ther's not one doth praise the smell of thee.

TO SAPHO.

SAPHO, I will chuse to go
Where the northern winds do blow
Endlesse ice and endlesse snow,
Rather then I once wo'd see
But a winters face in thee,
To benumme my hopes and me.

TO HIS FAITHFULL FRIEND, MASTER JOHN
CROFTS, CUP-BEARER TO THE KING.

For all thy many courtesies to me,
Nothing I have, my Crofts, to send to thee
For the requitall, save this only one
Halfe of my just remuneration.
For since I've travail'd all this realm throughout,
To seeke and find some few immortals out
To circumspangle this my spacious sphere,
As lamps for everlasting shining here,
And having fixt thee in mine orbe a starre,
Amongst the rest both bright and singular,

The present age will tell the world thou art,
 If not to th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part.
 As for the rest, being too great a summe
 Here to be paid, Ile pay't i'th'world to come.

THE BRIDE-CAKE.



THIS day, my Julia, thou must make
 For Mistresse Bride the wedding cake.
 Knead but the dow, and it will be
 To paste of almonds turn'd by thee :
 Or kisse it thou but once or twice,
 And for the bride-cake ther'l be spice.

TO BE MERRY.

LETS now take our time,
 While w'are in our prime,
 And old, old age is a farre off;
 For the evill, evill dayes
 Will come on apace,
 Before we can be aware of.

BURIALL.

MAN may want land to live in ; but for all,
 Nature finds out some place for buriall.

LENITIE.

Tis the chyrurgions praise, and height of art,
Not to cut off, but cure, the vicious part.

PENITENCE.

Who after his transgression doth repent,
Is halfe, or altogether, innocent.

GRIEFE.

CONSIDER sorrowes, how they are aright:
Griefe, if't be great, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light.

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

So look the mornings when the sun
Paints them with fresh vermillion;
So cherries blush, and Kathern * peares,
And apricocks, in youthfull yeares;
So corrolls looke more lovely red,
And rubies, lately polished;

* Catherine.

So purest diaper doth shine,
Stain'd by the beams of clarret wine,
As Julia looks when she doth dress
Her either cheek with bashfulness.

THE MEANE.

IMPARTIE doth ever discord bring:
The mean the musique makes in every thing.

HASTE HURTFULL.

HASTE is unhappy; what we rashly do
Is both unluckie, I, and foolish too.
Where war with rashnesse is attempted, there
The soldiers leave the field with equall feare.

PURGATORY.

READERS, wee entreat ye pray
For the soule of Lucia,
That in little time she be
From her purgatory free:
In th' interim she desires
That your teares may coole her fires.

THE CLOUD.

SEEST thou that cloud that rides in state,
Part ruby-like, part candidate? *
It is no other then the bed
Where Venus sleeps, halfe smothered.

UPON LOACH.

SEAL'D up with night-gum, Loach each morning
lyes,
Till his wife, licking, so unglews his eyes.
No question then, but such a lick is sweet,
When a warm tongue do's with such ambers meet.

THE AMBER BEAD.

I SAW a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried:
The urne was little, but the room
More rich then Cleopatra's tombe.

TO MY DEAREST SISTER, M. MERCIE HERRICK.

WHEN ere I go, or what so ere befalls
Me in mine age, or forraign funerals,

* White.